### THE LOST HEIRESS.

#### A Tale of Love, Battle and Adventure.

-BY-

EARNEST GLANVILLE, Author of "Among Cape Kaffirs," The Fossicker," Etc., and Edward Rapier.

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Chapters I to III.—Mr. J. Midmay Dalston. a London merchant, deep, wily and unserapious of character, is plotting to rob a Mr. Sydney Blaine of the sum of £35,000, left him by Mr. John Blaine Nicholson on condition that he marries Kate, only daughter of Mr. William Dalston, brother of Mr. J. M. Dalston. To the latter, Mr. Nicholson has insultingly left a bottle of bay rum for his baldness and a specific for the gout. He holds a conference with his lawyer, Mr. Smooth, and they arrange to send out a Yankee sharper, Mr. Cob Rowe, a noted shot with a revolver, to endeavor to prevent Blaine, who is engaged fighting in Zululand, from meeting with Kate Dalston. The Yankee undertakes to execute his commission and starts for Africa. At Rorke's Britt he is sent on a dangerous errand, and meets a Zulu with whom he has a hand to hand fight, the Yankee getting the worst of E. The Zulu is about to give him the coup de grace with his bowie knife when they are attacked by famianed dogs from descreted kraals. Chapters IV. And V.—Rowe manages by means of his horse to escape from the devouring dogs, and at last finds himself hear a kraal, where he is discovered by a girl, Mary Hath, who lives with her father. Peter. The latter has been called upon to act as guide to the colonel of his regiment in a reconnaisance, and is troubled at the idea of having to leave his daughter with the rough-looking Yankee stranger, Howe. During his temporary absence a stranger appears, who turns out to be Capt. Dalston. I have overhears him make love to Mary faith, who repulses him. Chapters V. And VI.—Capt. Dalston, as he is about to advance towards Mary, is ignominously rolled over by the hound. He drew his sword, but Rowe, who steps forward, calls shame on his cowardice. In a subsequent interview Rowe explains that he has a letter for him and presents it to bim. After reading its content balston becomes more friendly, and offers to secure a place for him in Capt. Blaine's troop. He is introduced to Commandant creditably. Meanwhile the sreat Zulu w

CHAPTER VIII-AN ANXIOUS TIME.

"There is yet time to fly, my mistress, " urged Pala. "Your horse is in the krant.

"And whither shall I fly!" .. To the camp where your friends

\*\*My friends; one woman among 3000 men. No. And what would become of

"What is life to me, that I should want to live? My sun has gone down, and I am ready to follow." The Zulu girl fixed her eyes on the broad disc setting blood-red behind the Isandiana ridge.

The level rays struck across the country, glanced along the blades of the nssegals, gleamed on the line of ox-hide shler is, which the advancing warriors carried on their left, then flooded the doorway with a rosy hue. The Zulu girl's sembre eyes caught the glow, and Mary's wavy tresses framed her pale face as with a cloud of gold. Surely no men would use violence against them. "They will not harm us, Pala; why should they?"

'Oh, white girl, we are already in the shadow of death. Because you have been kind you think they will spare I tell you a tigress robbed of her young is not more terrible than these men robbed of their chief. Blood is in

their eyes and they see red. " For the first time Mary realized her danger, and her composure gave way to Her training had fortunately fitted her to an emergency of this kind, and after the first wave of fear, she braced herself up.

"You are right, we must fly, Pala." \*\*()f what use is it now when they are already upon us!'' But the Zulu girl vertheless shook off had been stealing over her.

"Come, '' said Mary, "we will hide among the rocks of Kopje Alleen. " Pala shuddered and hung back. "The place is bewitched. "

Mary pulled her in by sheer force. locked the door and together they slipped through the back door, which Mary also locked. Away they flew, hidden by the homestead from the Zulus, and reaching the foot of the hill as a flerce shout aunonneed the attack on the house. From rock to rock they passed, erouching low, until they were half way up, then they

waited trembling and breathless. The Zulus about the house shouted to those whom they supposed were inside to come out and meet their fate. They then broke the windows and battered the deor, and after an interval, their yell of disappointment warned the fugitives that g search would now be made.

Mary, secure from detection owing to the dark shadow on the hill, looked over the rock. She saw a knot of Zulus one of whom was violently gesticulating and pointing in her direction. The others evidently did not agree

with him, or else the dread of the Lonely Hill was too great, for they tvrned away. The other man, however, came on alone, right up to the base of the rocks and even ventured to ascend a few feet, but the gloor of the place, the dark-shadows among the huge rocks, oppressed him, and he halted. A sigh wrung from Mary in the suspense of the moment completed his terror, and he fled from the accursed spot.

Scarcely had he disappeared, however, when another source of alarm arose. sudden wild hubbuh broke out. The Zulus called to one another eagerly to follow "the dog."

Mary, through the gathering gloom, saw Carlo tear round to the back of the house. A Zulu raised his spear against the hound, but another man warded the weapon off, and the warriors gathered round to see if the dog would take up

the scent. The great hound growled menacingly at the men, glaring from one to another and a movement on their part would have led him on, but they remained

Mary's heart beat fast. "Come Pala,'' she said with suppressed emo-tion, "we must climb higher." The The Zulu girl, more terrified at the shadows than because of the warriors, crept after Mary until they reached the very toprock, and crouched there in a natural hollow scooped out by the wind

and rain through hundreds of years. Peering over, Mary saw the dog fling up its head as it detected the scent, and then watched it rush towards the hill. with the silent band of warriors following

close behind. The dog paused and whimpered a moment at the base, then crept up, winding in and out, his tawny hide making a faint streak of light in the gloom. Behind him came dark figures,

fifting like shadows, Mary clutched Pala by the arm and her frame trembled. Was there no hope? She turned her burning eyes to the east, where the camp lay but a few miles off-that camp whose shelter she n the eastern sky she could even now feeling relief in his company.

"How was it," she thought, "Carlo was not there. Then like a flash it oc-! trace the columns of smoke arising from thought of it before. many fires, and far away on the plain

she saw something moving rapidly, white but indistinct. "What is that, Pala?" she whispered,

pointing with rigid arm. Pala turned her head slowly and fixed her dull eyes on the object. "It is a horse and its rider, " she muttered, indifferently, and was turning her head again, when, as though swayed by sudden impulse, she looked again, this time long and fixedly. What could one horsemen do against a

hundred Zulus! With a sharp sob, Mary peered over the rock and would have drawn back, but that the power of movement seemed gone from her limbs. Her eyes had met the gleaming orbs of a savage who was standing motionless on a shelf below. A scrambling noise behind her told her

upon her neck; then was almost deafened by his joyful bark.
As if it were a signal resolved upon, the

she caught a glimpse of horsemen.

Sweeping her gaze over the nearer veldt

warriors below shouted in triumph. The leading savage withdrew his gaze from Mary's white face, and thus relieved from the fascination of his stare, she wriggled back and buried her head in her arms. The next moment the man

reached the top of the rock standing out

in silhouette to his comrades below, who greeted his appearance with a yell. Before he could raise his assegut to stab the shrinking girls, Carlo new at his throat, and together they fell. The man next to the summit was knocked from his feet by the falling bodies, and those below after the first alarm had to turu their attention to the now furious hound.

Mary raised her white face, and as she heard the savage snapping of Carlo give way to the sharp cry of pain she prepared herself to die; shaking off the numbing sense of fear.

"Let us lift our hearts to God, Pala, for the time is at hand!'' The Zulu girl paid no heed. Her eyes in which glowed the light of a great hope were fixed on the gathering darkness below, and seemed scarcely to breath, as she listened with a look of fixed and

awful intent on her face. "Pala," said Mary gently, as she looked closely into her companions face, with a new dread at her heart, "Pala awake, join with me in that prayer my father taught us. ' :

Pala did not hear, but raised herself on her arms and craned her neck. assegai whizzed by her head. She did not beed it.

"Oh, " murmured Mary in horror. She heard footsteps approaching, heard the sharp clatter of assegais as they rattled against the rocks, heard a man drawing himself up, felt a grasp upon her arm, and then in the fearful pause heard the voice of a Zulu hailing from below-a voice that came swelling up with the clearness of a trumpet note. "It is he-the chief!" rang out an

exulting voice, as Pala leaped to her The man on the rock stayed his hand and shouted-"Sirayo!" Every warrior took up the cry until the word rolled and

thundered round the lonely hill. "Aye, " shouted Pala proudly; "my chief, my lord. Now get ye to him at once, lest he slay ye for warring against women."

The men, all the fury gone out of them, went down the hill abashed. then Pala turned her attention to Mary, who at last had swooned away under the long-continued strain. When she regained consciousness she

found herself back in her room, and thought she had been through an awful dream. No, there were the broken windows, and there in the doorway was a tall warrior, whose eyes were fixed intently on her face. She started up in terror. "Do not fear, mistress," said a soft,

sibilant voice, "it is the chief."

Mary turned her head, and saw Pala standing with downcast looks and drooping head, her whole appearance betokening greatest shyness. "Where are the others?" asked Mary

in Zulu, still suspicious. Sirayo moved his arm, "I bid them go home, lest I should have killed them in my anger.

"Are we safe, or-are you an enemy?" Pala gave a sigh of protest, but did not speak.

"They will trouble you no more, said gravely in his deep voice, "and I will go when I am rested." "Who brought me here?" was Mary's

next question. "You were dead, mistress," whispered the bashful Pala, "and the chief

"It was good of you," said Mary gratefully. "The way is rough and dark-it was a heavy task. What can I do for you?"

The chief waived his arm with a dignified gesture and as he did it Mary saw blood drop from his wrist. Her dress too she not ced was stained red. His dark eye followed her giance. "1

cold not stop the blood from touching you, for the wound was opened. " Mary walked to the chief and took his

sinewy arm in her hand. The left wrist she saw was pierced by a pistol ball, and the blood trickle slowly out through some clay and grass, with which he had

plugged the hole.
"How is this," said Mary, turning to Pala. "Why did you not dress the wound?'

The Zulu girl at this sharp reproof, covered her eyes with her hand and cried silently.
"Truly." thought Mary, "the ways

of a girl in love are beyond reason. She busied herself briskly, and soon had the wound properly cleansed.

anointed and bound. Then she got some food for the chief and when the man, utterly tired out, fell asleep, she bade Pala throw a kaross over him. The Zulu girl also slept, but Mary

dared not close her eyes, and fortunate it was for Sirayo that she did not.

CHAPTER IX .- BUNNING THE GAUNTLET. As Mary sat thinking over the events of the evening, with many a shudder at the terrors that marshaled themselves again, taking visible shape in the dark corners of the room, and with many a whispered prayer of thanksgiving, she was startled by a deep-drawn sigh from

Long she sat with a fearful glance fixed on the doorway before she could force herself to look out, and when she had despised. Against the silvery light did a low moon was wrung from her hips Mary did not reply, but rested her in the eastern sky she could even now for something white confronted her. show on the table and buried her chin

Next moment she saw it was the white horse, from the sudden lift of his head, and he put her fears to flight by a joyful whinny, or rather rumble of greetingthat a hungry horse makes when be thinks his food is coming. Mary disappeared into an inner room for a moment and then came out with a tin of mealies, which she emptied on the ground. As the horse fed she patted his shoulder,

curred to her, how the gallant dog had rescued her from the uplifted assegai, and she blamed herself for not having

He might be dead or dving among the

She looked toward the dread mass and nerved herselt to the task before her. Then without waiting lest she should dread the enterprise she darted away, and scrambled breathlessly up the hill, disturbing the stones, which clattered down with a fearful noise. The hollow echoes that arose unnerved her, and she was about to fly when a low whimper reached her. Guided by the sound she was soon at the side of the hound who tried to raise himself at her approach. but fell again with a pitiful growl.

She was on her knees at his side in a moment petting him, crying over him, and feeling about for his hurt. Her hand touched something cold, and she started back with a cry. The dog was lying on the dead body of a Zulu. Horrified and sick at heart, she staggered that Carlo had reached the summit, and the next moment she felt his cold nose tom of the hill, when she seated herself tom of the hill, when she seated herself and with what voice she could command called out to the dog to wait. For a spell the superb courage of this brave girl seemed to waiver, but she nerved herself to the situation.

The alarms of the night were not yet over. She had not advanced a yard, when out of the darkness a voice came quick and threatening. "Halt! Who comes there?"

Mary gasped and stood still. She heard the click of a revolver, and it unlocked her tongue: "Me, don't, please don't."

"Good God!" muttered the unknown, in alarm, ''a woman's voice.' Mary heard a horse approaching, and soon saw the dark outline of a mounted

trooper. "Who are you, and what are you doing here? No larks. If you're one of those infernal ghosts, I'll blow your

Mary regained her courage, as she saw the newcomer was himself afraid. She even laughed at the thought of a ghost having brains.

"I am no ghost. Now, please tell me what you are doing here. ','
The man leaned from his saddle, with his revolver still ready, and peered into

Mary's face. "Well, 1'm-.... was his remark. "Hi, captain, here's something up." Another horseman rode up. "Well, what have we here?"

"'Pears to me mighty like a woman," said the trooper. The captain dismounted, struck a match and held it before Mary's 'face, which looked pale enough for a ghost, if it were not for the light of life in the

large, brown eyes.

He was struck with wonder at the vision, and held the light until the flame scorehed his fingers.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but this is a strange place and a strange time for a lady to be abroad." "My house is but a few yards away, " said Mary; "I had better lead the way

there." "Certainly, madam," he said, with grave deference, as though she had satistactorily accounted for her appearance. "I will call up my troop. We had just halted when we heard a noise of falling stones from the hill. We are in pursuit of a Zulu spy."

It flashed across Mary's mind that Sirayo, the man whose arrival had saved her from a fearful death was in the wit rapidly reviewed the chances of

escape. "Oh!" she cried, "before you come on to the house I wish you would save my dog. He is up the hillside above, wounded by a Zulu assegai. A few of you men could carry him to the house, and I will go on to show a light.

"It will be done-but first tell me about it. How did the Zulu-" Mary was out of hearing. And the

captain, still marveling at the wonderful

vision he had seen by the light of his match, called up his troop, and himself went in search of the dog. In the meanwhile Mary had reached the house and shook the tired Zulu, who

sprang to his feet. "Fly," said Mary, "the soldiers are here. The chief looked searchingly at the

white girl, listened a second at the door, and then glanced at the still sleeping "Tell her," he said, his deep voice softened, "that I have not forgotten the little maid of the necklace, but war is no time for love-making. When it is

over I will claim her, but she can hear of me at the Nek. And you-oh, white girl—I thank you for the life you have given me this night." He sprang on to his horse and vanished in the darkness. When two men on foot, carrying the

dog, came up to the door, and after them the troop of horse, guided by a light that Mary held, she kept the captain busy helping her bind the fearful gash in Carlo's shoulder. When the task was done the officer

looked searchingly round the room, noting the broken door. "Will you please explain to me what has happened and how it is you are at

this post of danger?" Mary glanced into the frank eyes and received encouragement from them. "A party of Zulu's who thought that their chief was dead, attacked the house, and then traced me to the hill where I had sought shelter with my girl. Thanks to Carlo, poor dog, and to the timely

"Good heavens! Is it possible! Do you know the name of the chief?' "The very man. Are you sure of it?"

arrival of the chief, we escaped death.

"He carried me from the hill to this "Then he has been here. Where has he gone?"

"To the Nek, I believe." "Has be been long gone?" "About half an bonr," said Mary, weariedly.

"Thank you." The officer thought for a few moments, then stepped to the door. "Sergeant," he cried, "remove your men a few hundred yards to the left. Let them dismount, and loosen girths, but don't off-saddle. We shall advance before the dawn."

The sergeant gave his orders to the men, and the troop withdrew in a solid dark mass, to the sound of champing bits. "If you will allow me, young lady, I will keep watch while you rest. The events of the nights must have worn you out. I am surprised you should bear up as you do." He looked at her with mingling respect and compassion.

in the hollow cup of her hands, while she studied his face, without any idea of boldness. There was something frank and pleasant in it that gave her a sense of restfulness.

His brouzed cheeks flushed under the scrutiny of her large grave eyes, then he laughed, a short, mirthful laugh that made her lips open with a smile.
"Do you know," he said, "I cannot

get over the feeling that I am under some spell-and that you are a spirit. "Oh, no," she answered simply, "I am only Mary Rath."

"Of course you are. What an ass I am not to have remembered. Mary, I beg your pardon, Miss Rath, I have heard of you often," and he smiled

"Do they speak of me as Mary?" she asked, with a look in her eyes that quelled the taint of familiarity in . his

manner. He flushed again under the steady gaze, but this time with annoyance, and he blamed himself a double-barreled idiot not to have seen at once that this strange girl was not a person to be made light of.

"Who is it that calls me Mary?" she continued, relentlessly, with a touch of bitterness.

"I beg your pardon Miss Rath for my foolish slip. No one worthy of your friendship would ever think of taking a liberty with your name.'' He spoke warmly. "Was it Capt. Dalston!" "Who calls me?" auswered a harsh

voice, "Miss Rath I apologize for intruding. Blaine—how are you?" Capt. Dalston himself stepped into the room, and looked darkly from Mary to the young officer, then, as he noted the marks of violence in the room, he reeled as though struck. "What," he asked horsely, "has happened?"

Mary gave a brief account of the attack and of Sirayo's coming-catching

her breath at the finish, but just stopping short of a sob. Dalston said nothing, but his black eyes burned, and his strong hand gripped the sword. "Ah," he muttered in a sort of gasp, "if I could only have He drew his hand across been there. his brow, and then with a quick look under his brows at Blaine he abruptly said: "I have brought up my troop to

assist von . 11 "Thanks," said Blaine, coldly. "My force was quite sufficient for the purpose.

"The colonel thought differently," said the other, with thinly disguised sar-casm. "He will himself follow with 100 men to-morrow. What do you propose doing?"

"I intend moving on to the Nek just before dawn. " "Why upon the Nek if I may ask." "Because Sirayo is there, and my orders were to capture him. You are not

here to countermand them I suppose, he demanded haughtily. "You would not suppose, Miss Rath," said Daiston with a gloomy smile, "that I had saved this young gentleman from

Siravo's assegal.'

Blaine felt the rebuke all the more because Dalston had reminded him of the obligation. Mary was absorbed with other matters and did not answer. "Do I understand that you are going to capture the Zuiu chief," she asked in

a low voice. "I will make the attempt. Miss Rath. and will have to thank you if I succeed. Mary winced. She rose up and placed her hand upon his arm. "Don't," she said earnestly, "don't,

prav don't take advantage of my infor-mation. Nothing would have forced it from me if I had known your object." Blaine quivered at her touch, and looked uneasily at Dalston. That individual gave him no support, but turned away with a frown. Miss Rath had never rested her hand upon his arm.

"Remember," she continued, with a

tremor in her voice, "he saved my life. " Blaine flinched under her look of entreaty, a look that haunted him for many a day; but the lines about his mouth

hardened. "Say you will not go. At least wait till it is daylight."
"I cannot," said Blaine, "it is my

duty. "Duty!" she replied with scern, while her eyes flashed. "Is it your duty to place upon me the stigma of

treachery?'' Blaine hesitated a moment, and Mary detecting his hesitation-sighed with retief. She turned from him to Capt. Dalston.

'You, sir-cannot you help me? Now was the opportunity for him to regain her good opinion. He looked at her eagerly, then, with an effort that left his face pale and rugged, he restrained himself.

"Capt. Blaine is right," he said. steadily, 'and it is time to advance.' The two men lingered a moment, as though they would fain say something to remove the sting of their refusal, then they hurried away, and left Mary listening to their departing steps with an intense feeling of mortification at her heart.

It was no time for delay however. She roused Pala, who had evidently been feigning sleep, for the black girl lost no time in asking for explanations. "Pala, you must fly to the Neck and

warn the chief. The soldiers are in pursuit." Pala rose to her feet, but staggered at her first step. Her ankle was swolen. She had sprained it in decending the

hill. The two girls looked at one another in despair, then Pala's face hardened.
'You must go, mistress. It was you who told the soldiers, and you must warn the chief. He saved you, and if he dies-his blood and mine be on your

Mary's eves dilated under the stress of this new danger that was coming upon her, then she turned and flew to where her horse was secreted in the garden.

"Mistress! my sister! oh, I did speak idly, do not go! '' Thus wailed Pala, but Mary was out of hearing. The two officers had nearly reached their men, when the sound of hoofs made them stop. The sound quickly ap-

proached. "Stop!" thundered Bisine, but the horse and its rider swept by unheeding, and the flames from two pistols flashed in the darkness. The horseman continued on, unhurt.

"See to your rifles; the enemy escapes; extend to your left!" were the orders that leapt from Blaine's lips were A murmur of voices from the excited troop below broke out, and the two officers heard the hurrled steps as the men ran forward, stumbling in the darkness. A fissh of light broke out. The end man had opened fire; then another

fiash below, and another, until the air echoed with the sharp rifle cracks. At that moment, above all the din, a woman's voice rang out, ''Don't It is she-my mistress!" Pain had dragged berself to the door, and in horror had cried out in nervous

English, her usual hesitancy disappear-

Blaine heard the ory and did not com-

ing in the moment of supreme need

prehend, but Dalston reeled as if one of the bullets had struck bim.
"Cease fire, for God's sake!" he

"Eh?" said Blaine angrily, "what do you mean by that order?' "Good heavens above, man, you would not shoot Miss Rath, would you?''
''I don't understand,'' gasped Blaine, "Surely that was not she who dashed

by?'' Dalston did not reply, he had turned back to the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE TANGLER.

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Any Communications Intended for This Department Should be Addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine-

238-A Good Book in Fine Dress.



239-Charade.

From children playing on the shore I heard a sudden all; I went to see what 'twas they bore, For they did loudly call. "Is it a one two crab you've got,
That you make such a din?"
"No, 'tis a little fish we caught;
We hooked it with a pin."

240, -Some Stingers. A motley group of wordy stingers all in one hive resided.
Their names you easily will find if you look for them as I did.
Like the bees and wasps and such like insects, their stings are at one end;
Their hive was called a dictionary, look in it ere you send.

1. 2. The sting of the police and that which

fades.

3. 4. The sting of the farmer and cook;
5. 6. The sting of the doubtful and that which helps,
7. The sting of throwing the hook.
8. 9. The sting of the witness, the trial sting,
10. The sting of a swaggering manner;
11. 12. The confiding sting, the living sting,
13. And the sting of Dr. Tanner,
14. 15. The sting of the palate, Old Winter's sting,
16. The sting that is seeking repose; Unfolding th

16. The sting that is seeking repose; 17. 18. The bili-sticker's sting, the sting that rosts.
And that of the letter which goes.
The sting that undresses, the sting that

22. The sting that undresses, the sting that feeds,
22. The sting that sails near the land;
23. 24. The sting of burnt bread, and that of burnt meat,
25. The sting that fights hand to hand;
26. 27. The sting which is pleasing and that 25. The sting that fights hand to hand;
26. 27. The sting which is pleasing, and that
which opposes,
28. The sting which is provoking dislike;
29. The sting which determines to have a
thing done,
30. The sting that breaks through the dyke;
31. 32. The sting of the stomach, the sting that
sets right.

sets right.

And that which disturbs and annoys;
The sting that compares, the recruiter's sting,
36. And that which cleans windows and
tovs. H. J. A.

241.—Diamonu.

1. A letter. 2. Silent. 5. Conical. 4. A Grecian island. 5. Certain animals. 6. Pestivals celebrated in February in honor of Lupercus. 7. Arbitraling. 8. Circular motion. 9. A spirituous drink. 10. To drop. 11. A letter. Charlie. 242 .- Two in One.

241.-Diamond.

We're at home in high life.

She and I.

We're both at the top,
And 'twould break us to drop,
She and I. We're both of us tonguey-Both.
Saints and sinners I call
To my golden wall:
"To a charity ball
Come, golden friends, all!"
She quoth.

Sometimes we are cracked, She and I: But we go at full swing, and we both love a ring, She and I.

We're both of us brassy, But she is called passe Times o'er. We both have seen seasons Galore; But they say there are reasces Why she will have seasons No more. And so without trouble I part from double Of yore.

ELLICE. 243,-Transposition. The man who first, as I opine.
Does what accords with law divine,
But such acts have been required
By the decree we call inspired.
Had there no second been to less.
Those innocents to naughty deci.

244. - Famous British Aubors. PARTLY PHONETIC. What author was fit to eat?

2. What author was head of the Romish church? What author was fleet of foo! What author had charge of the wine cellar, What author was a door-fallening?

What author was a dark concetion of earth! 245-Enigma. What is it all men seek and prize,
Yet know not when they had;
Which comes 'neath every country's skies,
Alike to young and old?
Without whose aid the strongest men
Would soon grow faint am weak;
Which children do but littleprize,
And seldom gladly seek?

Lucia Rosz.

LUCIA ROSE.

229-Drought. 229—Drought.
229—Uranoscopy.
231— 'She seeketh wool anddax, and worketh
willingly with her bands,''
232—Aunt-hem.
233—Primer, prime, prim.
234—1. Fan-a-tic, 2. Caisnount, 8. Bar-o235—Edente, dentate,
235—Edente, dentate,
235—Edente, dentate,

286-Mother, other, 287-Tour, ront. On the Island of Mokiam, a the Moluccas, a volcanic outburst has take place. A crater there which had remained o quiet since a destructive outbresk in Decemer. 1851, that the country close by had been fought into cultivation, again burst into activity on the 19th of June last. A column of smeer rose out of the crater to a heighth of thousnds of feet, and red hot stones shot alout to amying distances. The ground in the neighborhoo quakes continually ever since, the heat around has become unbearable and the ashes cast outdarken the sir. The inhabitants have fied from the island in all haste, and the loss of life among them has been small.

A carpenters' strikeon the exposition building at Spokane Falls, Wash., has been defeated in a hovel manner. Bankers, merchants professional men and capitalists rallied in great numbers and took hold of the work, while nonunion men were brught from private buildings, and soon 10 carpenters were at work and quite as many citizens were

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